

Boy or Girl? Great Question!

This brings to many minds an old and tried family remedy—external application known as "Mother's Friend." During the period of expectancy it is applied to the abdominal muscles and is designed to soothe the intricate network of nerves involved. In this manner it has such a splendid influence as to justify its use in all cases of coming mother-hood. It has been generally recommended for years and years and those who have used it speak in highest praise of the immense relief it affords. Particularly do these knowing mothers speak of the absence of morning sickness, absence of strain on the elements and freedom from those many other distresses usually looked forward to with concern.

There is no question but what "Mother's Friend" has a marked tendency to relieve the mind and this of itself in addition to the physical relief has given it a very wide popularity among women. You can obtain "Mother's Friend" at almost any drug store. It has helped a host of mothers to a complete recovery. It is prepared only by Bradford Stegall, Co., 301 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Avoid the many worthless substitutes.

Coffee to Drink Flour to Bake

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 10 lbs of Green Coffee for . . . | \$1.00 |
| 6 lbs of Green Coffee for . . . | \$1.00 |
| 4 lbs of Green Coffee for . . . | \$1.00 |
| 6 lbs of Roasted Coffee for . . . | \$1.00 |
| 5 lbs of Roasted Coffee for . . . | \$1.00 |
| 4 lbs of Roasted Coffee for . . . | \$1.00 |
- Coffee 10c per can.
- | | |
|---------------------------|--------|
| 1 bbl of Flour for . . . | \$5.00 |
| 1 bbl. of Flour for . . . | \$5.25 |
| 1 bbl. of Flour for . . . | \$5.50 |
| 1 bbl. of Flour for . . . | \$6.00 |
| 1 bbl. of Flour for . . . | \$7.00 |
- The Big Store is the place to buy your Flour and Coffee—
- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------|
| 10 lbs. of Green Coffee only . . . | \$1.00 |
| 1 bbl. "Asuka" Flour only . . . | \$5.25 |

Talk to the Big Chief.
Trade with the Boys.

J. H. Sullivan Laurens, S. C.

Winthrop College SCHOLARSHIP and ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

The examination for the award of vacant scholarships in Winthrop College and for the admission of new students will be held at the county Court House on Friday, July 3, at 9 a. m. Applicants must not be less than sixteen years of age. When Scholarships are vacant after July 3 they will be awarded to those making the highest average at this examination, provided they meet the conditions governing the award. Applicants for Scholarships should write to President Johnson before the examination for Scholarship examination blanks.

Scholarships are worth \$100 and free tuition. The next session will open September 16, 1914. For further information and catalogue, address Pres. D. B. Johnson, Rock Hill, S. C.

Dr. T. L. Timmerman Dentist People's Bank Building Phone 332. Laurens, S. C.

Simpson, Cooper & Babb, Attorneys at Law.

Will practice in all State Courts.
prompt attention given to all business.

LET US SPRAY



Dissolve me in water and spray trees, or vegetables, or plants, or flowers, and I will kill every parasite I touch, and won't hurt the plant.

Sprayed fruit or vegetables look better, keep better, and bring fancy prices.

Let me also spray the chicken houses and hog pens and get rid of all mites, worms and germs that stunt vegetation and give hogs and poultry the cholera. I cost you 5c, a can—just about half the usual price. I AM—

RED DEVIL LYE

50c PER CAN

For cans almost as big as those that cost you 10c.
SAVE MY LABELS

The VALIANTS OF VIRGINIA & ALLIE ERMINE RIVES (MR3. POST WHEELER) ILLUSTRATED BY LAUREN STOUT

CHAPTER XIX—Valiant works wonders in the old place. He discovers that he has a fortune in old walnut trees.

CHAPTER XX—With the advice and assistance of the major and Shirley, Valiant restores the gardens to what they were in his father's time.

CHAPTER XXI—The yearly tournament, a survival of the fittest of feudal times, is to be held at Damory court.

CHAPTER XXII—At the last moment Valiant takes the place of one of the knights, who is sick, and enters the lists.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Knight of the Crimson Rose.
The row of horsemen had halted in a curving line before the grand stand, and now in the silence the herald, holding a parchment scroll, spurred before each rider in turn, demanding his title. As this was given he whirled to proclaim it, accompanying each evolution with a blast on his horn. "Knight of the Golden Spur," "Knight of Castlewood," "Lord of Brandon," "Westover's Knight," "Knight of the Silver Cross": the names, fanciful, or those of family estates, fell on John Valiant's ear with a pungent flavor of medievalism. He started as he became aware that the rider next him had answered and that the herald had paused before him. "Knight of the Crimson Rose!" It sprang to his lips without forethought, an echo, perhaps, of the improvised sash and the flower in his hat-band, but the shout of the herald and the trumpet's blast seemed to make the words fairly bulge with inevitability. And through this struck a sudden appalling feeling that he had really spoken Shirley's name, and that every one had heard. He could not see her face, and clutched his lance fiercely to overcome an insane desire to stoop hideously in his saddle and peer under the shading hat-brim. Lest he should do this, he fastened his eyes determinedly on the major, who now proceeded to deliver himself of the "Charge to the Knights."

The major made an appealing center to the charming picture as he stood on the green turf, "the glass of fashion and the mold of form," his head bare, his shock of blond-grey hair thrown back, and one hand thrust between the buttons of his snowy waistcoat. His rich bass voice rolled out to the farthest corner of the field: "Sir Knights:

"The tournament to which we are gathered today is to us traditional; a rite of antiquity and a monument of ancient generations. This relic of the jousts of the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold points us back to an era of knightly deeds, fidelity to sacred trust, obligation to duty and loyalty to woman—the watchwords of true knight-hood.

"We like to think that when our forefathers, offspring of men who established chivalry, came from overseas, they brought with them not only this ancient play, but the precepts it symbolizes. We may be proud, indeed, knowing that this is no hollow ceremonial, but an earnest that the flower of knighthood has not withered in the world, that in an age when the greed of gold was never so dazzling, the spirit of true gallantry has not faded but blooms luxuriant in the sparkling dew of the heart of this commonwealth.

"Most Noble Knights! In the name of that high tradition which this day preserves! In the memory of those other knights who practiced the tourney in its old-time glory! In the sight of your Queen of Beauty! I charge you, Southern gentlemen, to joust with that valor, fairness and truth which

stood behind the upright from whose arm was suspended the silver ring. The herald blew a blast, calling the title of the first of the knights. Instantly, with lance at rest, the latter galloped at full speed down the lists. There was a sharp musical clash, and as he dashed on, the ring flew the full length of its tether and swung back, whirling swiftly. It had been a close thrust, for the iron pike-point had smitten its rim. A cheer went up, under cover of which the rider leaped back outside the lists to his former position.

In an upper tier of the stand a spectator made a cup of his hands. "The Knight of the Golden Spur against the field," he called. "What odds?" "Five to one, Spotteswood," a voice answered.

"Ten dollars," announced the first. "Good." And both made memorandum on their cuffs.

A second time the trumpet sounded, and the Knight of Castlewood flashed ingloriously down the roped aisle—a miss.

Again and again the clear note rang out and a mounted figure plunged by, and presently, in a burst of cheering, the herald proclaimed "The Knight of the Black Eagle—one!" and Chilly Lusk, in old-rose doublet and inkly plume cantered back with a silver ring upon his pike.

No simple thing, approaching leisurely and afoot, to send that tapering point straight to the tiny mark. But at headlong gallop, astride a blooded horse straining to take the bit, a deed requiring a nice eye, a perfect seat and an unwavering arm and hand! Those knights who looped back with their pikes thus braceleted had spent long hours in practice and each rode as naturally as he breathed; yet more than once a horse shied in mid-course and at the too-eager thrust of the spur bolted through the ropes. Valiant made his first essay—and missed—with the blood singing in his ears. The ring flew from his pike, catching him a swinging blow on the temple in its rebound, but he scarcely felt it. As he cantered back he heard the major's bass pitting him against the field.

And then, suddenly, stand and field all vanished. He saw only the long level rope-lined lane with its twinkling mid-air point. An exhilaration caught him at the feel of the splendid horse-flesh beneath him—that sense of oneness with the creature he bestrode which the instinctive horseman knows. He lifted his lance and hefted it, seeking its absolute balance, feeling its point as a fencer with his rapier. When again the blood-red sash streamed away the herald's cry "Knight of the Crimson Rose—One!" set the field hand-clapping. From the next joust also, Valiant returned with the gage upon his lance. Two had gone to the Champion of Castlewood and two to scattering riders. When Valiant won his fourth the grand stand thundered with applause.

The trumpet again pealed its silvery proclamation. Judge Chalmers was on his feet. "Fifty to ten on the Crimson Rose," he cried. This time, however, there were no takers. He called again, but none heard him; the last tilts were too absorbing.

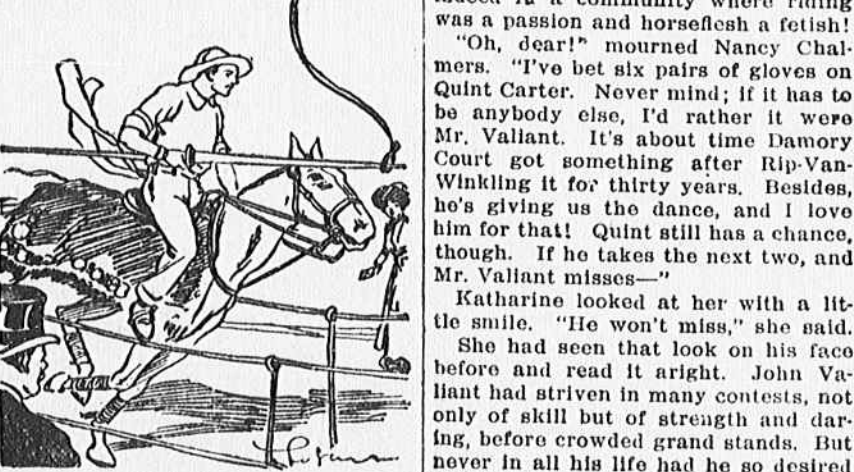
Where had John Valiant learned that trick of the loose wrist and inflexible thrust, but at the fencing club? Where that subconscious management of the rein, that nice gage of speed and distance, but on the polo field? The old sports stood him now in good stead. "Why, he has a seat like a centaur!" exclaimed the judge—praise indeed in a community where riding was a passion and horseflesh a fetish! "Oh, dear!" mourned Nancy Chalmers. "I've bet six pairs of gloves on Quint Carter. Never mind; if it has to be anybody else, I'd rather it were Mr. Valiant. It's about time Damory Court got something after Rip-Van-Winking it for thirty years. Besides, he's giving us the dance, and I love him for that! Quint still has a chance, though. If he takes the next two, and Mr. Valiant misses—"

Katharine looked at her with a little smile. "He won't miss," she said. She had seen that look on his face before and read it aright. John Valiant had striven in many contests, not only of skill but of strength and daring, before crowded grand stands. But never in all his life had he so desired to pluck the prize. His grip was tense on the lance as the yellow doublet and olive plume of Castlewood shot away for a last time—and failed. An instant later the Knight of the Crimson Rose flashed down the lists with the last ring on his pike.

And the tourney was won.

In the shouting and hand-clapping Valiant took the rose from his hat-band and bound it with a shroud of his sash to his lance-point. As he rode slowly toward the massed stand, the whole field was so still that he could hear the hoofs of the file of knights behind him. The people were on their feet.

The mounted herald blew his blast. "By the Majesties of St. Michael and St. George," he proclaimed, "I declare the Knight of the Crimson Rose the victor of this our tourney, and do charge him now to choose his Queen of Beauty, that all may do her homage!"



Where Had John Valiant Learned That Trick of the Loose Wrist and Inflexible Thrust.

are the enduring glories of the knight-hood of Virginia!

Over the ringing applause, Nancy Chalmers looked at him with a little smile, quizzical yet soft. "Dear old major!" she whispered to Betty Page. "How he loves the center of the stage! And he's effective, too. Thirty years ago, father says, he might have been anything he wanted to—even United States Senator. But he would never leave the state. Not that I blame him for that," she added; "I'd rather be a church-mouse in Virginia than Cressus' daughter anywhere else."

The twelve horsemen were now sitting their restive mounts in a group at one end of the lists. Two mounted monitors had stationed themselves on either side of the rope-barrier; a third

age!" Shirley saw the horse coming down the line, its rider bareheaded now, and her heart began to race wildly. Beyond wanting him to take part, she had not thought. She looked about her, suddenly dismayed. People were smiling at her and clapping their hands. From the other end of the stand she saw Nancy Chalmers throwing her a kiss, and beside her a tall pale girl in champagne-color staring through a jeweled lorgnette.

She was conscious all at once that the flanneled rider was very close . . . that his pike-point, with its big red blossom, was stretching up to her.

With the rose in her hand she curtled to him, while the blurred throng cheered itself hoarse, and the band struck up "You Great Big Beautiful Doll," with extraordinary rapture, to the tune of which the noise finally subsided to a battery of hilarious congratulations which left her flushed and a little breathless. Nancy Chalmers and Betty Page had burst upon her like petticoated whirlwinds and presently, when the crowd had lessened, the judge came to introduce his visitor.

"Mr. Fargo and his daughter are our guests at Gladden Hall," he told her. "They are old friends of Valiant's, by the way; they knew him in New York."

"Katharine's lighting her incense now, I guess," observed Silas Fargo. "See there!" He pointed across the stand, where stood a willowy tan figure, one hand beckoning to the concourse below, where Valiant stood, the center of a shifting group, round which the white bulldog, mad with recovered liberty, tore in eccentric circles.

As they looked, she called softly, "John! John!"

Shirley saw him start and face about, then come quickly toward her, amazement and welcome in his eyes.

As Shirley turned away a little later with the major, that whispering voice seemed to sound in her ears—"John! John!" There smote her suddenly the thought that when he had chosen her his Queen of Beauty, he had not seen the other—had not known she was there.

A few moments before the day had been golden; she went home through a landscape that somehow seemed to have lost its brightest glow.

(Continued Next Week.)

PROMINENT LAWYER DEAD.

P. H. Nelson, Famous Criminal Lawyer, Died at His Home Yesterday.
Columbia, June 20.—Patrick Henry Nelson, eminent criminal lawyer and senior member of the law firm of Nelson, Nelson & Gettys, this city, died suddenly this afternoon of aneurism at his home on Senate street. Mr. Nelson was 57 years of age. Born in Statesburg, S. C., Mr. Nelson practiced law as a young man at Camden and was for ten years solicitor for this judicial circuit. Probably the most famous case in which Mr. Nelson's activities as solicitor engaged him was the trial of Jones for the murder of the Pressley family. The deceased survived by Mrs. Nelson and his son, Wm. Shannon Nelson, junior member of the firm. Funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon at six o'clock at Trinity church.

UNIQUE CASE IN COURT.

Supreme Court is Asked to Appoint Receiver for Vital Organs of Edward O. Painter.

Washington, June 20.—A case unique in supreme court annals was docketed today when an appeal reached that tribunal from a Maryland court directing a shipment of a receiver for the vital organs of a dead man.

The case grows out of the fight over the million dollar insurance carried by Edward O. Painter, a capitalist of Jacksonville, Fla., when he fell overboard from a ferry boat at Jacksonville April 21, 1913, and was drowned.

Painter was seized with violent vomiting and when he went to the rail of the boat, fell into the water. Upon recovery of his body his vital organs were sent by family physicians to Baltimore for examination. Dr. Charles Glaser, in whose custody they were placed, was enjoined by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty company from turning the organs over to the widow and daughter for burial before this company which had issued an accident policy to Painter, had an opportunity to examine them.

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DON'T GROW BALD Use Parisian Sage.

If your hair is getting thin, losing its natural color, or has that matted, lifeless and scraggy appearance, the reason is evident—dandruff and failure to keep the hair roots properly nourished.

Parisian Sage applied daily for a week and then occasionally is all that is needed. It removes dandruff with one application; almost immediately stops falling hair and itching head; invigorates the scalp and makes dull, stringy hair soft, abundant and radiant with life. Equally good for men, women or children—every one needs it.

A large bottle of this delightful hair tonic can be had from the Laurens Drug Co., or any drug counter for 50 cents. You will surely like Parisian Sage. There is no other "Just-as-good"—Try it now.

PPP FOR

Rheumatism Blood Poison Scrofula, Malaria Skin Disease

*Because it Purifies
the Blood*

READ WHAT NOTED PEOPLE SAY OF

LIPPMAN'S GREAT REMEDY—P. P. P.

Dr. Alldredge, Regency, Texas, writes: "It is the leading blood purifier."
Dr. Whitcomb, Metairie, La., prescribes it, and with P. P. P. completely cured J. H. Davidson, who had suffered fifteen years with blood poison and sores.

Rabbi Solomon, of the Savannah Congregation, writes: "I had seven attacks of Malaria fever lasting from a week to ten days. I took your medicine as a forlorn hope, but now confess that P. P. P. was a real benefit."

IT WILL HELP YOU, TOO—AT ALL DRUGGISTS—\$1.00

F. V. LIPPMAN, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

Grave Danger if Blood is Disordered

Little Causes Develop Worst Kind of Trouble—No
Danger if Blood is Fortified.



The Blood if Purified With S. S. S. Will Resist All Germ Infection.

There are so many reasons why everyone should look to the blood for health that the blood is of paramount importance. We need so much food, so much oxygen, so much water, all of which in right proportion maintain the body. But the liver, kidneys, lungs, skin and bowels must all work in co-operative harmony to convert the intake and expel it after it has served its purpose of regenerating the tissues and cells of the body. And this process is repeated every few seconds throughout life. Now, as it happens with most people, the body does not expel all the waste and it remains a destructive influence to produce catarrh, rheumatism, boils, eruptions and a myriad of troubles recognized as the result of poisoned blood.

Remarkable testimonials have been written that prove beyond question there is no blood disease but what can be cured by S. S. S. And in all these cases that were treated with mercury, iodides, arsenic, copper and other minerals with no permanent effect, the most astonishing recoveries have been made by S. S. S.

There is not a blood taint of any nature that can remain in a system fortified by this most wonderful remedy, for it is absolutely pure and contains only those elements that the blood naturally assimilates, and which the tissues gratefully accept. It agrees with the most delicate stomach, even in those cases where the use of strong drugs has so weakened the digestive system that medicine can not be given. Get a \$1.00 bottle of S. S. S. at any drug store and thus be assured of a complete cure of any crupent blood disease. If your case is peculiar and you desire special advice write to the Swift Specific Co., Medical Dept., Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.



BEAUTIFUL GIFTS FOR THE BRIDE

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THE PRESENT YOU SEND WILL BE A MEASURE OF YOUR AFFECTION. LET YOUR PRESENTS FOR THE BRIDE AND GROOM COME FROM OUR STORE AND THEY WILL KNOW YOU HOLD THEM IN HIGH ESTEEM.

OUR JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE WILL ALSO STAND THE STRAIN OF TIME; OUR CUT GLASS IS EXQUISITELY WROUGHT.

FLEMING BROTHERS Laurens, S. C.

Are You Using Nitragin?

Your neighbors are using it and they say it increases the yield of the crop to which it is applied, from 25 to 100 per cent. Besides this it causes that crop to store in each acre of ground from 100 to 200 pounds of pure nitrogen for the benefit of the next crop. Nitrogen in commercial fertilizers costs YOU about 20 cents a pound. Use Nitragin and you get it FREE from the air. Apply it to all your Peas, Beans and other pod bearing or legume crops. Can you afford to pay 20 cents a pound for Nitrogen when your neighbor gets it FREE?

Full information gladly given.
R. C. McLEES, Clinton, S. C.